

PEGGY GORDON

Oh[G] Peggy Gordon you[C] are my[G] dar[D7]ling,
[C]Come sit you[G] down upon my[D7] knee,
[C]Come tell to[G] me the[C] very[G] reas[D7]on,
[C]Why I am[G] slighted[D7],so by[G] thee,

I wish I was in some lonesome valley,
Where woman kind cannot be found,
Where the pretty small birds, do change their voices,
And every moment a different sound.

I'm so in love that I can't deny it,
My heart lies smothered in my breast,
But it's not for you to that the world should know it,
A troubled mind can know no rest.

I did put my head to a cask of brandy,
It was my fancy I do declare,
For when I'm drinking I am always thinking,
And wishing Peggy Gordon was here.

[Repeat first verse]